MARVEL
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WELLS

KIETH

PETER PARKER™ SPIDER-MAN®

REBORN PART 1

At a demonstration on Radiation, high school student Peter Parker was bitten by an Irradiated Spider from which he gained the Arachnid's Incredible Abilities. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his Great Powers in the service of his fellow man, because he learned an invaluable lesson: With Great Power There Must Also Come Great Responsibility.

PETER PARKER™ SPIDER-MAN®

"REBORN"

PREVIOUSLY

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SPIDER-MAN

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SANDMAN

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It's not a good time to be The Sinister Sandman. . .

With the power over his sandy form destabilized by a bite from the Venom symbiote, William Baker, a.k.a. the Sandman, his mind dispersed in the particles of Jones Beach, New York. Unable to reconstruct his personality, essential to actuating a body, his consciousness layed dormant. That was, until a cable music station showed up for its Spring Break festivities. The abundance of over-the-top pop stars provided Sandman with just what he needed to form a body. Spider-Man was able to overload his subconscious with many voices, freeing the stars and once again sending William Baker's mind into limbo. A victory for the Wall-Crawler to be sure, but can it be more than a matter of time before the powerful psyche of the Sandman finds a way to heal itself? And when it does, will it be the heroic or villainous Sandman that emerges?

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I've given them so much of my life, but it's never enough. They're asking for more.

Their empty stares tormenting me. Laughing in its silence.

I meet their gaze, denying the appeals to my "responsibility."

Then their voices become a hideous chorus. Accusing me...

"Destroyer!"

"Ruiner!"

"Render!"

I steel myself. Knowing the horrible price I must pay for peace.

But that's the kicker when you save your sewing for a rainy day...

...one day it's going to up and rain on you.

I wonder if I could get Aunt May to help me with this... of course then she'd know how often her dapper nephew gets his butt kicked.

Yep, quite a life I've carved out for myself here... If someone busted in right now they'd swear I was running a Spider-Sweatshop. That'd give Jonah something to write about.

Even the tube's letting me down. Nothing but self-help infomercials. One on every channel. Is this what they call *synchronicity*?

Ugh. It's *at least* a bad omen...

CLICK

Now I know I'm not the only one with more responsibilities than I can handle, am I right, folks?!? We put so much pressure on ourselves...

JONES BEACH.
NEW YORK,
NEW YORK.

"...we spread ourselves too thin."

"we completely break down."

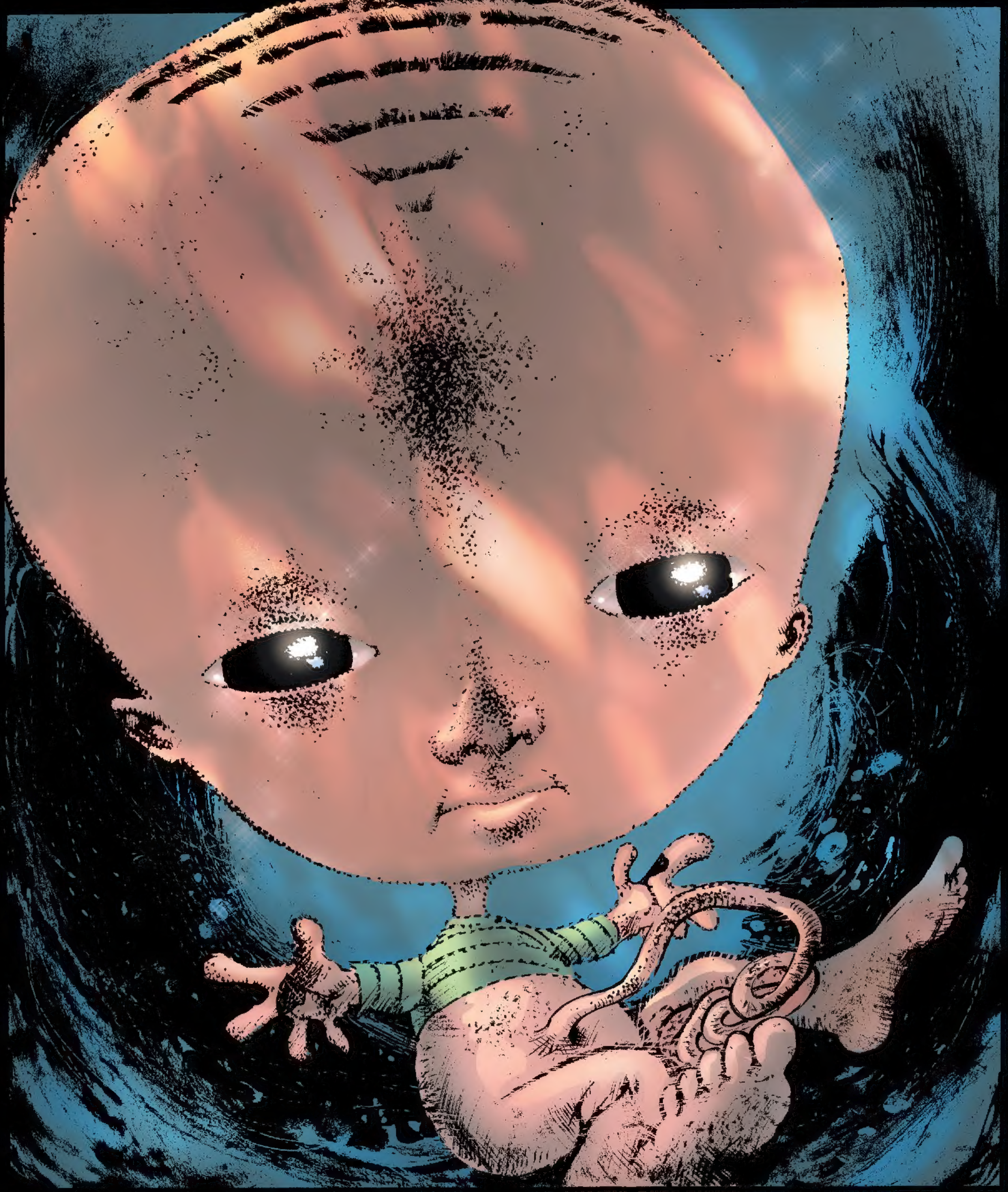
"I'm going to give you the tools to build yourself back up. The tools to see **confusion**, to see **emotional conflict**, as the dysfunctional relationship between our inner selves."

"We must identify these selves... truly believe that they deserve to be nurtured, as a child in its mother's womb."

"Only then can we truly be complete..."

"Only then can we be..."

REBORN



Stan Lee Presents
PETER PARKER: SPIDER-MAN FEATURING
THE RETURN OF THE SINISTER SANDMAN!

You out there! Do you hate your job? Maybe you're not pleasing your inner child!

Hmm. Makes sense...

Are you living alone, do your relationships always fail?

Maybe you need to get in touch with your feminine side.

Maybe...

Don't be one of those people that sit around waiting for their lives to change, take the first step! Make the move to the phone!

Okay...

Or come to one of my popular beachfront seminars! Let's listen to some of the life changes that took place at Jones Beach, earlier this year...

Wait a minute.

SLAM

I must be going stir-crazy... I was two digits away from giving this nut my money...

Where the heck was my spidey sense on that one? That's it. Rain or no rain, I'm going out.

SSSSHHHHHH-

FRRRiiPPP

Hmmm?

Der we go...

All better.

Der we go...

Huh?

All better...

Excuse me there, kid. Just what do you think you're doin' out here?!

Waitin'.

Waitin' for who?

I don' know.

You don't--

SSHHHHHHH!!!

What was that?!

...Listen, kid, it's not safe to be out here this time a' night. We'd better find your folks.

Do you hear me, kid! You can't...

...play...

Here?

Yes I can.

PLOP

Run, kid! Run!

PAT PAT PAT PAT PAT

Hi.

Hi.

That's what's so great about this city. No matter what the weather, you'll always find one of New York's Finest on the beat...

So da doc says, "I haveta check your prostate," an' I'm like, no big deal...

Uh-huh.

Next thing ya know he's got me--

I say we take a vote on changing the subject.

Now.

Wha--

Thank God.

Who asked you?! Now beat it, you know you got a warrant.

Oh, come on. You can't just sit here all night. Let's team up and fight some crime...

I'm not jus' sittin' here, Charlie's gotta police scanner an' I'm listenin' for--

SKKK!

All units, William Baker, A.K.A. The Sandman, spotted on Jones Beach-SKKK- child in company, repeat, child in company- SKKK.

Nuts.

So anyway...

Uh-huh.

Great. Every time I run into the Sandman he's progressively weirder, I don't even want to know what he'd do to a kid.

At least it stopped raining... nothing worse than fighting a muddy Sandman.

Baker!

Put the kid down!

Don't make this worse than it has to--

Yeah! Gittem!

Umph!

Oh, is jus' you. You shouldn't sneak up on people.

Nng. Who's the kid, Baker?!

Why you so angry, ol'buddy? It's me, Sandman--

THWIP

I know who you are!

PLOP

What are you doin'?!

Hnn! I said let him go!

Hnngh! Stop it!

SLUNK

NO!

UMPH--

Hold on, kid!

SPRAANG!!

Huh?

Leave me alone!

OOUGH!

CRUNH

That's it, Sandman, I'm not going to ask you again. Who's the kid?!

That's what I been trynna tell you, ol' buddy...

...I think he's me.

ELSEWHERE...

I don't want to call it in... why don't you call it in...?

It's a giant *sand-egg*, Sarge. I don't want to call in a *sand-egg*. Let's make Tommy do it, he's the one that--

POL

POLICE

Oh, hi Tommy.

Sarge, I can't find one footprint leading away from here. I'm tellin' you it was like he just popped right out of the beach.

C'mon, Tommy, things don't just pop out of the--

SCRAACK-

KLICKRACK!

GURGLE

BE-- BE--BE

Spit it--

SLURK

OUT!!

Hold it right there!

Good Lord, what is this thing?!

It's not polite to stare...

I-I'm s-sorry...

I don't believe you!!

BANG BANG

FREEZE, SANDMAN!

HWWWWRRRRRRR

Put your hands where I can see them!!

You're not the boss of me.

I said show me your hands!

Hee hee. Oh what the hell.

POLICE

POLICE

PLUNK PLUNK

CRUNCH

Heh. heh. He wanted to see them so bad...

Repeat, officers down, that is plural! I need--

S-stay back!!

Give me a second here...

pop pop

SLAM SLAM

That's better.

pop pop pop

W-what do you want?

I want to kill something!!

MEANWHILE...

COFFEE

SPLAT

Yup, keep it comin'. I can have as much as I want.

I thought this was for the kid.

It is!

Sandman... we need to focus here. How come you're so docile all of a sudden? And what are we gonna do with this kid?

SLURP SLURP

Hey!

Keep your finger out of there!

I din't do it.

I don' know where he came from, ol' buddy, but I gotta take care a 'im. No one else is gonna do it, dat's one ding I know fer sure...

What about papa? Papa takes care a me.

Oh, yeah, but... Papa... uh... Papa left a long time ago, liddle guy. When I was jus' a liddle older dan you -- er-- me.

What about Mama?

I don' know... I don' know about Mama. Haven't talked to Mama in a while.

Why not?!? Why don' I wanna talk ta Mama?

I... I guess I got busy wit' grown-up stuff an'... an'...

Ugh, this is like bad public theatre.

What's public theeter?

You don't want to know.

Well, don't you think it's a little late for you to be up, cutey pie?

BURP

I like stayin' up. Always have.

Thanks for the info, but I was worried about the kid...

Idiot.

You know, Baker, not to be mean or anything, but you do seem kind of... slow. Like you're not all there...

I'm not complaining, mind you. The last time I saw you, you were incredibly disturbed. It's almost like you left all that bad stuff back at the beach...

On the scene where the villain known as the Sandman...

...is fleeing after allegedly flying into a murderous rage.

I knew this was too good to be true! You almost had me, Baker! What did you do?!

I don' remember... honest.

W-wait a minnit... It says dey're *live*...

Look at this! You're sure this doesn't ring any bells?

No! Why you think I'd do sumpin' like this?

Sandman, the last time we met you tried to kill me right on this beach! In front of millions of people!

We were famous?

No, everyone hated it-- that's not the point! Let's think... your consciousness was spread all over this beach... maybe... maybe different parts of your personality are manifesting themselves...

Maybe this whole beach is a Sandman factory, churning out idealized versions of yourself. Maybe--

Der I am, Spida-Man.

Uh, Sandman...

Is there something you want to tell me?